

SERIAL STORY

A FOOL FOR LOVE

By FRANCIS LYND
Author of "The Grafters," Etc.

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CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

She turned upon him quickly.
"Was it an accident, Mr. Jastrow?"
"How could it be anything else?" he inquired, mildly.
"I don't know. But there was an explosion; I heard it. Surely Uncle Somerville wouldn't—"
The secretary shook his head.
"No; I think you may exonerate Mr. Darrah, personally; in fact I am quite sure you may."
"But someone planned it. You knew it was going to happen—you were out here watching for it."
"Was I?" The secretary's smile was a mere baring of the teeth. His blood was the sycophantic lymph which flows in the veins of those who do murder at a great man's nod.
"It is horribly unfair," she went on. "I understand the sheriff is here. Couldn't he have prevented this?"
Jastrow's reply was an evasion.
"Oh, it's all legal enough. That bare place up there is a placid claim. Supposing the owners found it necessary to put in a few sticks of dynamite to loosen the frozen ground. It is Mr. Winton's misfortune if his railroad happens to be in the way, don't you think?"
"But it was planned beforehand, and you knew of it," she insisted. Her eyes were flashing, and the secretary's desire for possession warmed into something like admiration.
"Did I?"
"Yes, you did."
"It would be impolite to contradict you."
"It is more impolite not to answer my question. Couldn't the sheriff have prevented it?"
"Supposing he didn't want to prevent it? Supposing he brought the men who did it over on his train last night?"
"Then I say again it is horribly unfair."
The secretary's rejoinder was a platitude: "Everything is fair in love or war."
"But this is neither," she retorted. "Think not?" he said, coolly. "Wait and you'll see. And a word in your ear, Miss Carteret: you are one of us, you know, and you mustn't be disloyal. I know what you did yesterday after you read those telegrams."
Virginia's face became suddenly wooden. Until that moment it had not occurred to her that Jastrow's motive in showing her the two telegrams might have been carefully calculated.
"I have never given you the right to speak to me that way, Mr. Jastrow," she said, with the faintest possible emphasis on the courtesy prefix; and with that she turned from him to focus her field glass on the construction camp below.
At the Utah stronghold all was activity of the fiercest. Winton had raced back with his news of the catastrophe, and the camp was alive with men clustering like bees and swarming upon the flat cars of the material train to be taken to the front.

While she looked, studiously ignoring the man behind her, Virginia saw the big octopus engine come clamoring up the grade, shoving the flats before it, losing itself quickly in the doubling of the gulch loop to reappear presently on the scene of the disaster. In a twinkling the men were off and at work, and the frosty morning air rang with the battle shout of labor triumphant—or meaning to be.

Virginia's color rose and the brown eyes filled swiftly. One part of her ideal—her masculine ideal—was courage of the sort that rises the higher for reverses. So the prompt counterstroke filled her with joy, and at the moment Winton was as near gaining a partisan as the Rajah was to losing one.

In the open compartment of the Rosemary the waiter was laying the plates for the early breakfast, and Bessie and the Reverend William were at the window, watching the stirring industry battle now in full swing on the opposite slope. Virginia joined them.

"Isn't it a shame!" she said. "Of course, I want our side to win; but it seems such a pity that we can't fight fairly."

The flaxen-haired cousin looked her entire lack of understanding, and Calvert said: "Isn't what a shame?" thereby eliciting a crisp explanation from Virginia in which she set well-founded suspicion in the light of fact touching the cause of the landslide.

The Reverend Billy shook his head. It was his matter to deprecate violence, and he did it.

"Such things may be within the law—of business, but they will surely breed bad blood and lead to reprisals. I hope—"

The interruption was the Rajah in his proper person, bustling out fiercely to a conference with his myrmidons. By tacit consent the three at the window fell silent. There was battle and murder and sudden death in the Rajah's eye.

The event for which they waited did not linger. There was a hasty mustering of armed men under the windows of the Rosemary, and they heard Sheriff Deckert's low voiced instructions to his posse.

"Take it slow and easy, boys, and

don't get rattled. It's the majesty of the law against a mob, and the Micks won't fight when it comes to a showdown. Keep in line with the car as long as you can. There ain't going to be a shot fired from up yonder so long as there's a chance of hitting the car instead of you. Now, then; guns to the front! Steady!"

The Reverend Billy rose, and the veins in his forehead stood out like whip cords.

"What are you going to do?" said Virginia. She was standing, too, and her hand, trembling a little, was on his arm.

The clerical meekness in the athlete's reply was conspicuous by its absence.

"I'm going to give Winton a tip if it's the last thing I ever do. They'll rush him like a rat in a corner!"

She shook her head and pointed eastward to the mouth of the lateral gulch. Under cover of a clump of fir-wood a man in a wide-brimmed hat and leather breeches was climbing swiftly to the level of the new line, cautiously waving a handkerchief as a peace token. "That is the man who arrested Mr. Winton yesterday. This time he is going to fight on the other side. He'll carry the warning."

"Think so?" said Calvert.

"I am sure of it. Open the window, please. I want to see better."

As yet there was no sign of preparation on the embankment. For the moment the arms of the track force were laid aside, and every man was playing pick or shovel as if his life depended on the amount of earth he could add to the re-forming dump in a given number of minutes.

Winton was in the thick of the pick-and-shovel melee, urging it on, when Biggin ran up.

"Hi!" he shouted. "Fixin' to take another play-day in Carbonate? Lookee down yonder!"

Winton looked and came alive to

jest goin' to have a little fun with old Bart Deckert while the sun's a-shinin'."

It was at this moment, while the sheriff's posse was picking its way gingerly over the loose rock and earth dam formed by the landslide, that the window went up in the Rosemary and Winton saw Virginia. Without meaning to, she gave him his battle-word. While she looked on he would fight to win, and that without violence.

"We are a dozen Winchester to your one, Mr. Deckert, and we shall resist force with force. Order your men back or there will be trouble."

Winton stood out on the edge of the cutting, a solitary figure where a few minutes before the earth had been flying from a hundred shovels.

The sheriff's reply was an order, but not for retreat.

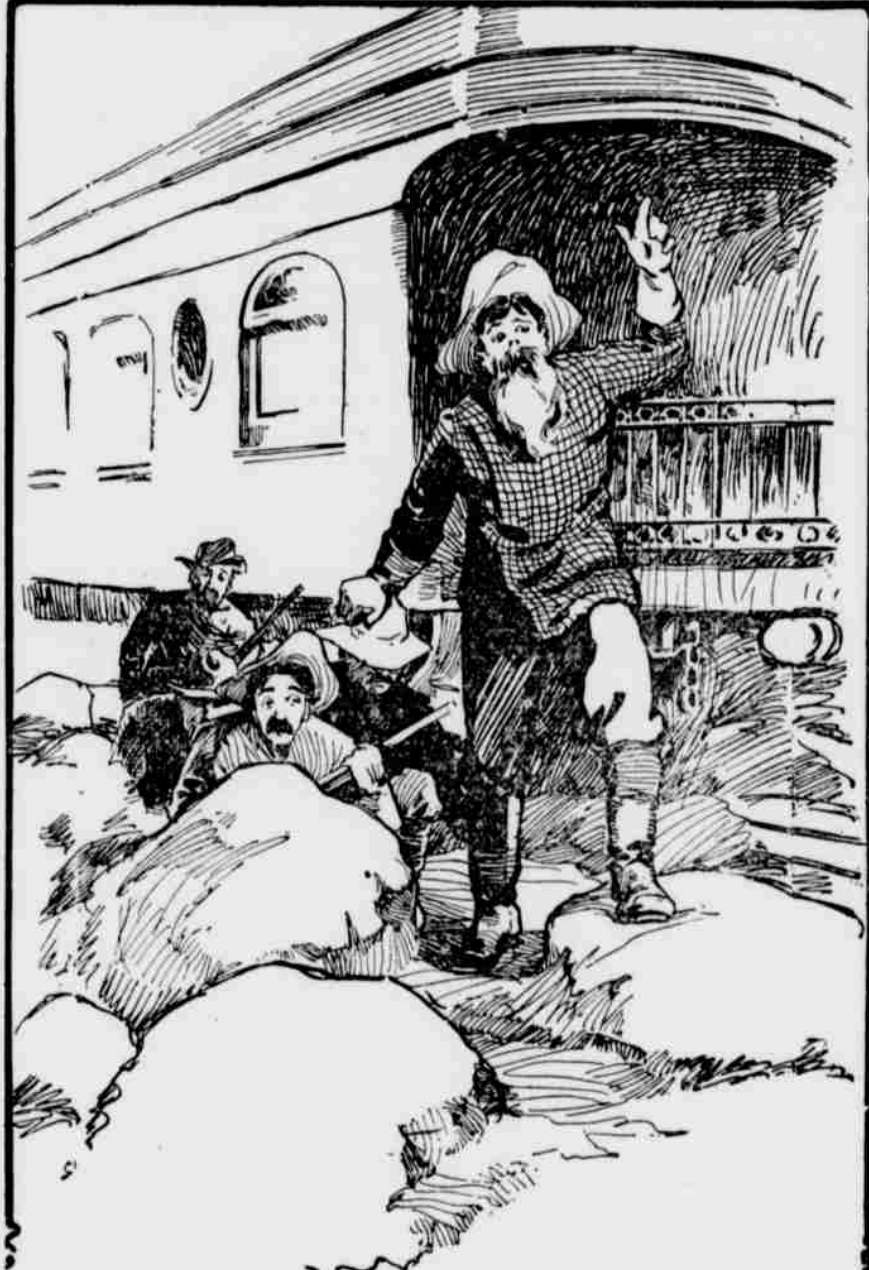
"He's one of the men we want; cover him!" he commanded; and Virginia caught her breath. Was she to see him shot down before her eyes?

Happily the tragedy was only potential. Unless the public occasion appeals strongly to the sympathies or the passions, a picked-up sheriff's posse is not likely to have very good metal in it. Winton was covered by three or four of the guns, pointed awkwardly, and Peter Biggin laughed.

"Don't be no ways nervous," he said in an aside to Winton. "Them professional venery chumps couldn't hit the side o' Pacific Peak."

Winton held his ground, waiting the turn of events and looking on, not without interest, while the sheriff tried to drive his men up a bare slope commanded by 200 rifles to right and left. The attempt was a humiliating failure. Being something less than soldiers trained to do or die, the deputies hung back to a man, hugging the backgrounding shelter of the Rosemary as if they were shackled to the private car by invisible chains.

Virginia, standing at the open win-



"COME DOWN!" HE BELLOWED.

the possibilities in the turning of a leaf.

"Guns!" he yelled; and at the word of command the tools were flung aside, and the track force, over 200 strong, became an army, not with banners, but well-weaponed withal. Winton snapped out his orders like a martinet major of drill squads.

"Mulcahy, take half the men and go up the grade till you can rake those fellows without hitting the car. Branagan, you take the other half and go down along till you can cross-fire with Mulcahy. Aim low, both of you; and the man who fires before he gets the word from me will break his neck at a rope's end. Fall in!"

"By Jove!" said Adams. "Are you going to resist? That spells felony, doesn't it?"

Winton pointed to the waiting octopus.

"I'm going to order the 215 down out of the way; you may go with her if you like."

"I guess not!" quoth the technologist, calmly lighting a fresh cigarette. And then to the water boy, who was acting quartermaster, "Give me a rifle and a cartridge belt, Chunky, and I'll stay here with the boss."

"And where do I come in?" said Biggin, reproachfully.

"You'll stay out, if your head's level. You've done enough now to send you to Canyon City, if anybody cares to take it up. Heavens and earth, man! Do you forget that you are a sworn officer of the law?"

"I ain't a-forgettin' nothing," said Peter, cheerfully, casting himself flat behind a heap of earth on the dump-edge and sighting one section of his hip battery over the breastwork.

Winton pounced upon him, gasping.

"Here, you fire-eater! you mustn't shoot!" he protested. "It's only a long bluff, and I'm going to raise the limit so those fellows can't come in. There are ladies in that car!"

"You play your bluffin' hand and lemme alone," said the ex-cowboy. "I'r

dow and trembling with excitement, could not forbear a smile. It was too much for the sheriff, the added straw, and his exhortation to his foot-posse burst into caustic profanity. Whereupon Mr. Peter Biggin rose up in his place, took care to aim, and sent a bullet to plow a little furrow in the ice and frozen snow within an inch of Deckert's heels.

"Ex-cuse me, Bart," he drawled, "but no cuss words don't go in this here highly moral show. They pains us extreme."

Under ordinary circumstances the sheriff would have replied to Mr. Biggin's salutation in kind. As it was, he ignored Peter Biggin as a person who could be argued with at leisure and turned his attention to Winton.

"Come down!" he bellowed.

Winton laughed. The tide had turned, and he knew it.

"Let me return the invitation. Come up, and you may read your warrants to us all day."

The crisis was past. Deckert withdrew his men, and at Winton's signal the track layers came in and the earth began to fly again.

Virginia sighed her relief, and Bessie plucked up courage to go to the window, which she had deserted in the moment of impending battle.

"Oh-h-h! I wish Uncle Somerville would take us away!" she gasped. "Can't you persuade him, Virginia?"

"I'll try," said Virginia, gravely, foreseeing future tragic situations too terrifying to be witnessed.

"Breakfast is served," announced the waiter as calmly as if the morning meal were the only matter of consequence in a world of happenings.

They gathered about the table, a silent trio made presently a quartette by the advent of Mrs. Carteret, who, from having her stateroom on the peaceful side of the Rosemary, had neither seen nor heard anything of the warlike episode with which the day had begun.

TO BE CONTINUED.



PLAYS AND PLAYERS

THE ACTRESS OF THE FUTURE

Yvette Guilbert's Prophecy in Part Fulfilled Now.

Yvette Guilbert has been outlining the career of the actress of the future. She will belong to no nation and no city. She will be international. She will act in New York, Berlin, Rome Paris and London.

She will play, moreover, in the languages of these cities. To learn them will be a part of her preparation. As yet none of the dramatic schools has added foreign languages to its courses. But within certain limitations what Mme. Guilbert prophesied has already begun.

Between this country and England the interchange of actresses has become an established custom. The advantage is still on the side of the English actresses in one way. They still make more money over here than American players do in London. Olga Nethersole, Mrs. Campbell, Ellis Jeffreys have no counterpart among the American actresses who have gone to London.

The only two Americans who have found lasting success in London are Edna May and Gertrude Elliott. But a number of others have found regular employment in less important positions. Pay Davis was one of these.

As yet Americans accept English stars more unreservedly and with greater warmth than they take to leading women. It would not pay Maude Adams, Annie Russell or Mrs. Carter to go to London and play there all winter. They would lose thousands of dollars. On the other hand a good American season will add thousands to the bank account of an English actress.

As regards continental Europe the case is different. There are few, if any, American actresses who speak German or French well enough to attempt to act before an audience of either nationality. Foreigners are much more adaptable.

Modjeska, Rhea and Janauschek all learned English and succeeded. Fritz Scheff in a very short time mastered English well enough to become a popular star. Lina Abaranell after only one season here could speak well enough to take a part in an English production and make a hit.

Mlle. Kallisch had more difficulty, because in her serious plays the public is much more critical. It will take her some time to speak English with sufficient smoothness to have her accent forgiven.

Emma Eames and Lillian Nordica speak French as fluently as English. Italian is just as easy for Mlle. Eames in singing and in speaking. German she scarcely speaks at all, and her singing of it is labored.

Bessie Abbott sings French very well, but not so well as Susanne Adams. Both speak it with perfect fluency. Olive Fremstad speaks perfectly both French and German, in addition to her native English, and Louise Homer could act in French without offending even the sensitive ears of the Parsians. She is also strong in German and Italian.

If women singers can thus acquire linguistic accomplishments there is no reason why actresses should be unable to. The advantage of the singer is, of course, that they go to Europe to study and learn the tongues there. A foreign training will be necessary for actresses when they become international.

It might be a very good thing for managers if the actresses of the continental countries learned English. As things are now it is declared that only one woman in recent years has made money for anybody but herself

by acting in a foreign language. This is Sarah Barnhardt.

With all the praise that Rajane had on her two visits here, she never once drew for Abbey & Grau the fee they paid her, and on her last visit she is said to have lost upward of \$40,000 for her managers, although she made plenty of money for herself. If, on the other hand, she had played in English and with an English company, she would have made a great deal of money.

So, if the beauties of the Paris stage—Bartet, Brandes, Hading, Sorel, Gerard, Yahne, Segond-Weber, Lavalliere, Jane Granier—came over here and acted in English there would be money in it for them and their managers. There would be as much interest in the German and Italian actresses, although they are fewer in number and not so noted or attractive.

PEOPLE AND PLAYS.

Tyrone Power, who is to appear in Miss Marie Corelli's Scriptural play, "Barabbas," in November, is at St. Paul Ile-aux-Noix, province of Quebec. Mrs. Power (Edith Crane) will have the leading female role.

Miss Virginia Harned has three plays at her disposal for this season, one "La Piste," by Victorien Sardou; one by J. Hartley Manners, and one by Louis Kauffmann Auspacher.

In the new play, "Love's Victory," written for Miss Florence Gale by Miss Margaret Mayo, an Italian green-room is introduced, depicting life on the stage many years before the elder Salvini came to America.

Ellis Jeffreys' new play has been renamed and now is known as "The Dear, Unfair Sex." The leading male role will be assumed by Gerald Lawrence, who was a member of the late Henry Irving's company for several seasons.

Charles Dillingham has secured the dramatic rights to Winston Churchill's novel, "Coniston."

Helen Lowell, the droll Miss rrazy in "Mrs. Wiggs, of the Cabbage Patch," will be a member of Grace George's company in the Pollock-Hapgood play, "Clothes."

A western comedy entitled "Sierra," by Paul Armstrong, the author of "The Heir to the Hoorah," has been completed recently and it is rumored that Nat Goodwin will try it in the fall.

George Ade has offered his services and assistance in the rehearsals of his play, "Marse Covington," which is to be one of the earliest productions of the season at the New theater.

Fuller Mellish, who was the king in Richard Mansfield's production of "Don Carlos," will play in "Cymbeline" with Viola Allen.

"The Lady Buccaneers," a nautical operetta in three scenes, has been completed by Ben M. Jerome, and will be produced in vaudeville shortly.

It is announced that Robert T. Haines will make a stellar appearance in New York in November in a new comedy drama by George Broadhurst.

Edith Crane, of "Trilby" fame will play Judith in "Barabbas" in support of her husband, Tyrone Power.

Lillian Albertson has been engaged to create the part of Ruth in "The Measure of a Man," in which Robert Drouet is to star.

In Clay Clement's forthcoming play, "Sam Houston," Miss Marie Taylor will be seen as Roaring Kate, a historical character of Sam Houston's day. The actress is a niece of General Houston.

Bortha Gailand will appear in a new play by David Belasco about the middle of next season.

AWFUL PSORIASIS 35 YEARS.

Terrible Scaly Humor in Patches All Over the Body—Skin Cracked and Bleeding—Cured by Cuticura.

"I was afflicted with psoriasis for thirty-five years. It was in patches all over my body. I used three cakes of Cuticura Soap, six boxes of Ointment and two bottles of Resolvent. In thirty days I was completely cured, and I think permanently, as it was about five years ago. The psoriasis first made its appearance in red spots, generally forming a circle, leaving in the center a spot about the size of a silver dollar of sound flesh. In a short time the affected circle would form a heavy dry scale of a white silvery appearance and would gradually drop off. To remove the entire scales by bathing or using oil to soften them the flesh would be perfectly raw, and a light discharge of bloody substance would ooze out. That scaly crust would form again in twenty-four hours. It was worse on my arms and limbs, although it was in spots all over my body, also on my scalp. If I let the scales remain too long without removing by bath or otherwise, the skin would crack and bleed. I suffered intense itching, worse at nights after getting warm in bed, or blood warm by exercise, when it would be almost unbearable. W. M. Chidester, Hutchinson, Kan., April 20, 1905."

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For children teething, soothes the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

The rays of happiness, like those of light, are colorless when unbroken.—Longfellow.

I would not enter on my list of friends the man who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—Cowper.

A NERVOUS WRECK

Mrs. Green Gained 23 Pounds and Recovered Her Health by Taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

General debility is a term that covers a multitude of cases where there is no acute disease, yet the patient continues to lose strength and the doctor's medicines have no apparent effect. This is the decline that leads to death if means are not found to check it. In a great majority of cases Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will check it and restore health and strength because they actually make new blood and so send renewed vitality to every organ and tissue of the body.

Mrs. S. A. Green, whose address is Box 29, R. F. D. No. 4, Franklin, Ga., says: "For three and a half years I suffered with weakness and nervousness, complicated with stomach trouble. At times I was confined to my bed for periods ranging from three weeks to two months and was under the physician's care most of the time for three years. I do not know the cause of my trouble but I was prostrated with weakness and, although I took a great deal of medicine, nothing seemed to give me strength. At times my stomach hurt me something fearful and my head often troubled me. I was sleepless and what sleep I did get did not refresh me."

"When I began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I weighed but 104 pounds. I knew I was so bad that a few doses would not cure me and I had patience. Soon the pills began to give me strength, my blood got in better condition, I could sleep well at night and help some with the housework. Now I weigh 130 pounds and think nothing of walking half a mile. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done wonders for me and the neighbors all know this statement is true."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all druggists, or will be sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price, 50 cents per box, six boxes \$2.50, by the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

Kemp's Balsam

Will stop any cough that can be stopped by any medicine and cure coughs that cannot be cured by any other medicine.

It is always the best cough cure. You cannot afford to take chances on any other kind.

KEMP'S BALSAM cures coughs, colds, bronchitis, grip, asthma and consumption in first stages.

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The Canadian Government offers 160 acres of land free to every settler willing and able to comply with the Homestead Regulations.

Advice and information may be obtained free from W. B. Scott, Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada; or from authorized Canadian Government Agents—M. V. McInnes, 4 Avenue Theatre Block, Detroit, Michigan; or C. A. Laurier, Saint Ste. Marie, Michigan.

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